

# LAX-FOS

(A Liquid Laxative)

Absolutely Cures Constipation

By removing the cause. Clears up the brain after excessive eating or drinking. Sends you to your work with a clear head and a settled stomach. Pleasant to take and never sickens or gripes. 50 cents per bottle, for sale by all druggists.

Manufactured by

S. H. Winstead Medicine Company, Paducah, Ky.

## Kentucky Wheat Drills

Northern Field Seeds!

Clover! Rye! Timothy!

Orchard Grass! Red Top!

AND

Kentucky - Blue - Grass.

JOHN YOUNG.

SIXTH STREET, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Where Health and Pleasure May be Found!

Dawson Springs, Kentucky

## HOTEL - ARCADIA.

The waters are world wide in the celebrity. The Hotel, with a capacity to take care of 200 people, is situated on the Kentucky Division of the I. C. R. R. about 200 feet from the railroad station, surrounded by a beautiful maple grove. The old chalybeate well is in the yard, and the celebrated salts well about 100 yards from the Hotel. The wells are owned by the Hotel Arcadia and the guests of the Hotel have free access to them. An Italian Band will be in attendance during the entire season.

### RATES.

\$2 per Day!      \$10 per Week!  
\$35 per Month!

Children 10 years and under \$5 per week!  
Nurses and Maids \$1 per day!

For further particulars apply to N. M. Holman & Co.  
HOTEL ARCADIA, Dawson Springs, Ky.



Illinois Central Railway.

## TIME TABLE.

No. 338, daily.  
Lv. Hopkinsville 6:40 a. m.  
Ar. Princeton 7:40 "  
" Paducah 9:25 "  
" Cairo 11:35 "  
" St. Louis 5:16 p. m.  
" Chicago 10:00 "

No. 334, Daily.  
Lv. Hopkinsville, 11:30 a. m.  
Ar. Princeton 12:35 p. m.  
" Henderson 5:30 "  
" Evansville 6:15 "  
Lv. Princeton 12:43 "  
Ar. Louisville 5:35 p. m.  
Lv. Princeton 2:07 p. m.  
Ar. Paducah 3:45 "  
" Memphis 10:50 "  
" New Orleans 10:00 a. m.

No. 340.  
Daily except Sunday.  
Lv. Hopkinsville 4:30 p. m.  
Ar. Princeton 6:30 "  
Lv. Princeton 3:03 a. m.  
" Louisville 7:50 "  
" Princeton 2:23 "  
Ar. Memphis 8:20 "  
" New Orleans 7:55 p. m.

No. 336.  
Sunday only.  
Lv. Hopkinsville 3:40 p. m.  
Ar. Princeton 4:42 "  
Lv. Princeton 4:47 "  
Ar. Memphis 10:50 "  
" New Orleans 10:00 a. m.

No. 341, daily except Sunday, arrives 7:50 a. m.  
No. 335, Sunday only, " 10:35 "  
No. 333, daily, " 3:20 p. m.  
No. 331, daily, " 11:10 "

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A.,  
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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

**Dryand Stratton**  
**Business College**  
ESTABLISHED 1864.  
Louisville, Ky.

Seven experienced teachers, each one a specialist in his line. Graduates of this college preferred by business houses. We are now in our new home, northeast corner of Second and Walnut streets, the finest and best arranged school building in the South. Individual instruction. School in session all year, students can enter at any time. Visitors always welcome.  
E. J. WRIGHT, Pres

## THE MALINGERER.

BY BERNARD BARRY.

The long anticipated had come to pass. The opening gun had been fired—it might be said—almost accidentally, and all through the night of February 4, 1899, the land side of Manila was a semicircle of crashing Springfields and sputtering Krag-Jorgensons. Outside that semicircle the Filipinos were rapidly losing self-confidence and gaining respect for the Americans. Within it the United States troops of the reserve checked an attempt at an uprising, and waited impatiently for orders to the front. But that semicircle remained unbroken through the night.

In the cool of the morning the "flying battalion" of the First California regiment hurried along the road to El Paso to join the First brigade. At intervals, a brown face would peep through the door of one of the nipa huts as the troops passed, only to be withdrawn quickly. There was a continuous conglomeration of sound very similar to the disturbance created by any large city on Independence day. It increased in volume as the soldiers moved. The men should have been in a sober frame of mind, but they seemed to be thrilled with unholy joy, for they whistled to the effect that there would be a hot time presently, and profane witticisms were shouted from one end of the line to the other. There was an impatient acceleration of step, but the rhythmic swing of the blue sleeves and the legged limbs would have passed muster at dress parade.

They found the brigadier and his staff on a little hillock outside of El Paso. The order their colonel received was whispered through the ranks: "Two companies to the block house on the double. Report to Col. Whalley!" The commanding officer swung his horse about and met the pleading eyes of four captains. All of them wanted the chance; but there was no time to weigh their claims.

"F and M," he said, quickly. A sharp command, emphasized by an oath, and, with a stifled cheer, two companies rushed around a bend in the road into the zone of stray bullets, just as two crashing reports that seemed to minimize the incessant rattle of the rifles announced that an American field battery had begun to clear the way for an advance. The zeu of the Mauser bullets overhead was the signal for some instinctive ducking, and a repetition of the jesting, forced and otherwise. First Sergeant Joyce, of F, was one of the humorists. "If we were 40 feet high a lot of us would be hit in the head," he remarked.

The two companies trotted up a slight incline in the road to a noisy little block house that almost hid itself in the smoke of 30 Springfields. In the shelter of the block house a surgeon and two hospital stewards were working over some "casualties." There were white faces and bloody linen bandages, and farther on some motionless forms with campaign hats covering their glazed eyes and set features, but even where the knife glittered there was no sound of complaint.

To the right of the block house was an irregular line of gray smoke-puffs where a battalion of Washington volunteers was sprawled behind a dike in the rice fields. One of them, a few yards from the road, rose suddenly and fell forward on his face. Two of his fellows lifted him quickly and, crouching close to the ground, half carried, half dragged, him to the dressing station.

The captain of F company threw aside his cigar, and turned to Joyce, who lay close beside him. His narrow eyes seemed a bit bigger, and he gnawed his gray mustache reflectively for an instant. "Joyce," he said, sharply, "if I get it, you be good to my little girl."

"Yes, sir," said Joyce, quietly, "and if it's my turn—tell her—you know."

The field officer in command in the block house hurried out. His round face was lit with a triumphant smile. "Get ready. The artillery's got 'em going."

"Ready to move," cried the captain, and there was a tightening of straps. Haversacks were thrown wide open. The men wanted

to rid themselves of their extra cartridges first.

"We'll advance by platoons. You have command of the Second—a good chance for you," said the captain to Joyce. "What's the matter?" he cried, abruptly, for Joyce's face was distorted and of a greenish hue, and he lay with his knees pressed up toward his face.

"Cramps," moaned the first sergeant, in agonized tones.

"Rush right out at command," shouted the field officer. "Get ready."

"Get up!" cried the captain, fiercely, to the sergeant. "Pull yourself together!"

"I can't," wailed the prostrate man, twisting his body, apparently in the throes of the sharpest pain.

"You dirty cur—you malingering hound!"

There was an almost imperceptible lull in the noise of the bullets.

"Forward! And give it to them!" shouted the field officer.

The captain kicked the shaking man on the ground with savage force, and echoing the command, melted into a swirling mass of blue and khaki that floundered into the rice field ahead of the Washington men, and separated swiftly into a skirmish line.

One of the men stopped for a fraction of a moment and clutched Joyce by the arm. "For God's sake, Billy, come!" he said, and dragged him a few feet toward the road. Then he desisted and rushed after his company.

Joyce dragged himself toward the surgeon, who knelt over a prostrate soldier binding a wound in the thigh. The man's trousers' leg had been cut off at the hip, leaving one sinewy limb bare. If the wound caused him pain he did not give evidence of it, for his face wore an exceedingly cheerful grin, and he remarked, every now and then: "I wouldn't care, but they spoiled my only pair of pants."

The surgeon glanced at Joyce, "Where are you hurt?" he asked, quickly.

"It's not a bullet. It's cramps," gasped Joyce, doubling up and writhing on the ground.

"It's a funny time to have cramps. You've got cold feet," snapped the surgeon.

Two men of the hospital corps stumbled across the road bearing a recumbent figure on a litter. The wounded man was splattered with mud from head to feet, and there were splashes on his white face. It was Joyce's bunkie.

The doctor tore open the blue shirt, revealing a circular wound on the left breast. He shook his head and the litter-bearers quickly deposited their burden beside the motionless figure.

"For God's sake, doctor, give me something—give me—," moaned Joyce. "I'm not faking, I tell you. I can't straighten out. For God's sake, give me a chance!"

"Here," said the doctor, contemptuously, throwing him a little cardboard box, "and shut up or I'll kick the life out of you."

There were two pills of camphor and opium in the package, and Joyce swallowed them at a gulp. For a time that agonizing pain continued to gnaw. He lay moaning and twisting about like a wounded animal. Meanwhile, the field guns were throwing shrapnel into the Filipino rifle pits, and the American line was drawing nearer and nearer Santa Ana.

Suddenly, far to the right, across the rice field, a long line of skirmishers rose to their feet and doubled to flank the town. The men in the center rushed forward with a cheer, and a battalion of Idaho men, with their regimental colors at their head, clattered up to the block house from El Paso, and then hurried by it toward the town. Santa Ana was taken.

Joyce felt the pain gradually disappear. He straightened himself up with some difficulty, and was about to stagger after the Idaho men.

"Oho," said one of the hospital stewards. "Your cramps are all right now, Mr. First Sergeant. Don't be afraid, soldier man, the fighting's all over."

Joyce looked first at the outskirts of the town, then at the wounded, most of whom were grinning at him scornfully. He drew his bayonet, and, inserting

the point beneath the seam of one of his first sergeant's chevrons, wrenched it from the sleeve. The one on the other arm followed its mate.

"That won't save you from hearing what the boys think of you, and it won't save you from Bilibid, either," said a boy with a bandaged head from his own company. The youngster was bursting with pride, for he had been "wounded in action."

Joyce looked at the group of faces that mocked and jibed and jeered, and then toward the Filipino town where the colors of the Idaho regiment disappeared into the bamboo hedge that girdled it. Across the rice fields came the sound of exultant cheering. A realization of the mesh of circumstances that had wound round him smote him so that he staggered. He clenched his hands till the nails tore through the skin in a fierce effort to check a burst of despair. The heat of the sun blinded him, and Joyce saw a girl's face. The eyes blazed scornful like her father's.

"Catch his arm—quick!" shouted the surgeon.

But a pistol cracked, and Joyce dropped in a shapeless heap, still clutching the smoking weapon. The surgeon quickly picked up a campaign hat and covered the face.

"Guess he wasn't faking after all," he remarked, "but it was a bad time to have cramps."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### SHE GOT HIM.

"Old Man" Wilcox' Reminiscence of a Fishing Experience.

There is no cause for surprise that those who have once visited Moosehead should want to come again, and there is still less cause for wonder that others, when old habits tell of its beauties, should determine to see it for themselves.

Moosehead Lake and Mount Kineo, says the New York Times, are the gateway to the greatest hunting and fishing sections of Maine, and as a result 100 or more members of the Maine Guides' association make their headquarters here.

In the waters of Moosehead itself the fishing at the opening of the season is second to none in the state, and when the summer sun warms the lake water and the big square tails and lakers seek the cooler depths below it is the guide alone who knows where to find them and how to lure them.

A character among the wise and learned fishermen at Kineo is John Wilcox, or as he is known here, "Old Man" Wilcox. "There's one on 'em in particular that I'm looking for this year," said he the other day, while in a reminiscent mood. "Don't recollect her name, except that her daddy, who she came here with last year, is the colonel. And she's a gal, let me tell you. Tall and straight as one of them young pine trees, and jess about as strong, as I found out."

"Oh," sez she, Mr. Wilcox, I'd jess like to hook the biggest fish in this 'ere lake," sez she.

"Go on," sez I, "I reckon if you did he'd pull you to the bottom afore you got him to the top."

"I don't know," sez she, "I'm pretty strong," and I calc'lated as I looked her over she wuz telling the truth. So I paddled her away to a deep spot I knew and down went our lines.

"In a few minits I got a tug from somethin' I knowed wuzn't no chub, and then I hands her the line."

"There, my lady," sez I, "there's yer fish, and he ain't no stickback nuther. Now, let's see how strong you be."

"Well, sir, that gal looked a bit scared for a second when she felt the first real strong pull. Then she sot her white teeth and the fight commenced. Four times she got him to the top in 65 feet of water, and four times he went down, makin' her soft, white hands red, an' blisterin' 'em each time. Then she played him easy, and he, ben' tired, she flopped him into the boat—a 12-pound laker and as hard a fighter as ever I see."

"Oh, Mr. Wilcox," she yelled, pantin' hard, "I got him, haven't I?"

"Yep," sez I, "but if you don't kill 'im he'll be back in the water soon as he gets his wind."

Talk and Trouble.

The more some men talk the more trouble they pile up for themselves.—Chicago Daily News.

## QUICK WORK.

R. C. Morefield, Hopkinsville,  
Tells of a Case.

Quick work counts.

Results tell the tale.

No delay about Doan's Kidney Pills. They do their work quickly and well. Here's local proof of it.

R. C. Morefield, Sr., real estate dealer and associated with the Christian County Title Co., residing at 222 W. 17th St., says: "For several years the condition of my back and of the kidney secretions furnished ample evidence that I was suffering from kidney disorders. The aching in my back would come on by spells often so severe that it was painful for me to stoop, to straighten up or to attempt any sudden movement. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised locally and thinking that they might help me, got a box at Thomas & Trahern's drug store. I had used them only a few days when I noticed a marked improvement in my condition and I continued the treatment. It did me more good than any medicine I had ever used, and that is putting it mildly. You may publish my statement at any time and I will do all I can to let the value of Doan's Kidney Pills be known."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember [the] name—Doan's—and take no other.

### Work Progressing.

Work on the new L. and N. shops in South Louisville is progressing rapidly, but it will require over two years to finish the work. The shops are to cost over \$3,000,000, and will be the largest in the United States with one exception.

### Gained 40 Pounds in 30 Days.

For several months our younger brother had been troubled with indigestion. He tried several remedies but got no benefit from them. We purchased some of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and he commenced taking them. Inside of thirty days he had gained forty pounds in flesh. He is now fully recovered. We have a good trade on the tablets.—Holly Bros., Merchants, Long Branch, Mo. For sale by C. K. Wyly, druggist.

### Reduce Its Force.

The Southern Pacific is to reduce its force of employes by dropping 1,200 men immediately.

It is not possible for the proprietors to publish more than a very few of the numerous letters received in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and telling of its remarkable cures. They come from people in every walk of life and from every state in the Union. The following from Mr. T. W. Greathouse, of Prattburg, Ga., speaks for itself: "I would have been dead but for the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It cured me of chronic diarrhoea after seven years of suffering. I can never say too much in praise of that remedy." For sale by C. K. Wyly, druggist.

### Fell Dead.

Johnson Chase Hull, the oldest letter carrier in New York, fell dead from grief while standing besides the coffin containing the body of his brother.

### You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

### Five Hundred Let Out.

Five hundred employes of the Vanderbilt railway system have been let out at Buffalo and Depew, N. Y.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Elbridge, West Cornwall, Conn.

### Fatally Hurt.

J. W. Schwarz, a wealthy Brooklyn merchant, was fatally hurt in an automobile accident.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

### Six Persons Hurt.

Six persons were hurt in a collision on a trestle near the foot Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga.

**LAX-FOS** Cures Constipation and all stomach troubles by removing the cause. For sale by all druggists.  
S. H. WINSTEAD MED. CO. Paducah